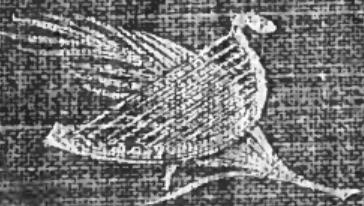


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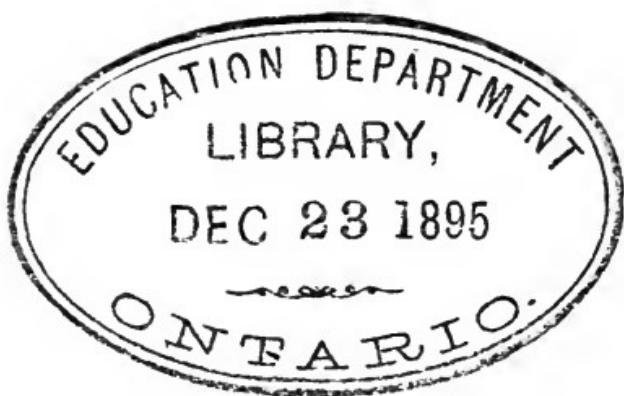
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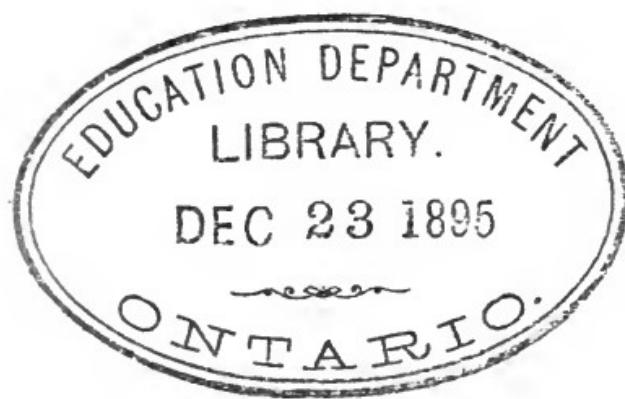
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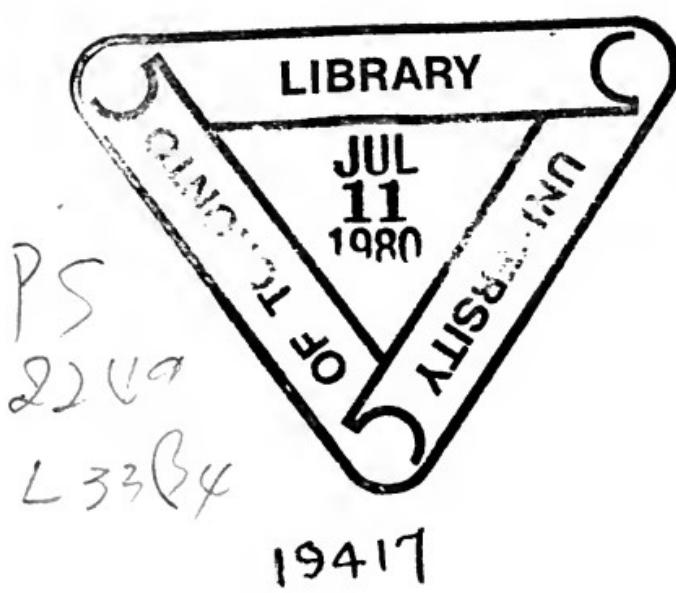
BESIDE THE NARRAGUAGUS

AND OTHER POEMS

BY
ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART



BUFFALO
THE PETER PAUL BOOK COMPANY
1895



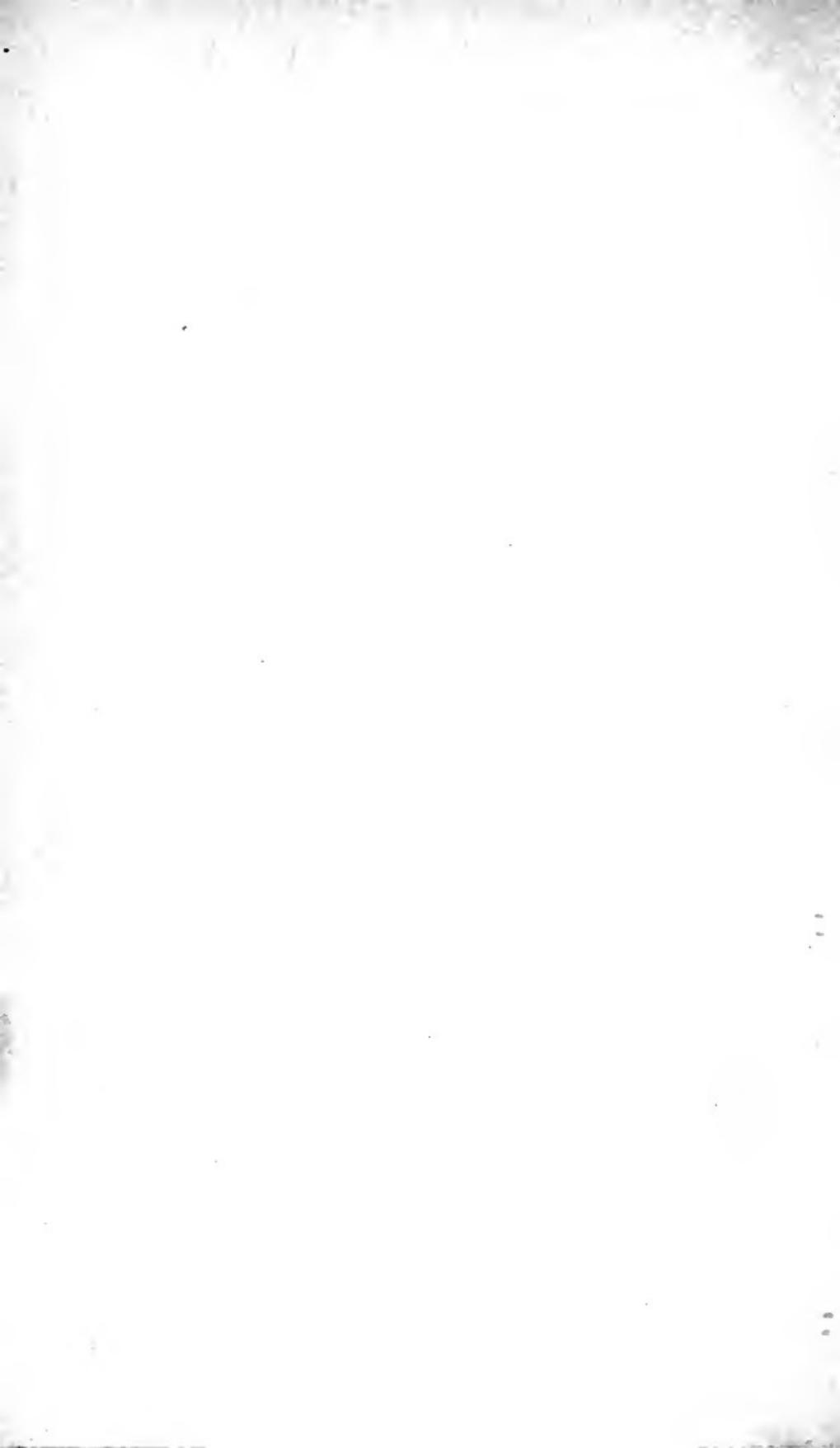
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TO
Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts, A.M.,
THE KINDLY CRITIC OF
MY RHYMES,
THESE ARE INSCRIBED.

*Still walk amid the beautiful, and know
The mystic joy to eye and heart revealed :
To thee all secret fountains be unsealed,
Enriched from worlds above and worlds below.
With greening marshes soft, while first buds blow,
To blossom wooed by kisses of the Spring,
Be thine the rapture of all birds that sing,
Be at thy heart Love's everlasting glow.*

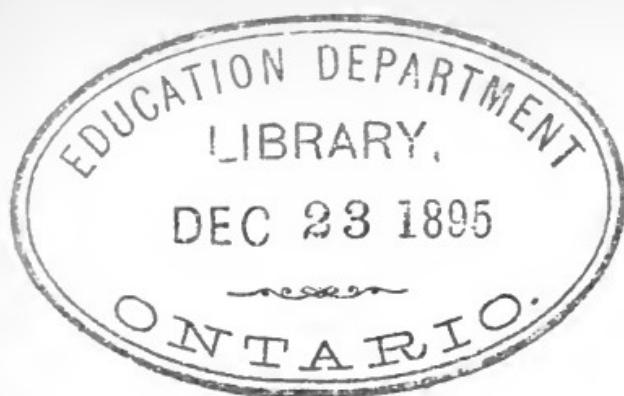
*For fairer seem the hills my boyhood trod,
And brighter those triumphal waters shine
That swelled to match my gladness, since entwine
Thy skeins of music o'er the sacred sod;
And rich down golden wastes, at thy clear call,
The burning leaves of sunset crimsoned fall.*



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BESIDE THE NARRAGUAGUS.

I.

EVENING RAIN IN MAY.

SODDEN the fields, with hollows rankly green;
Great drops still linger on the darkening pane;
And strenuous robins, prophesying rain,
Pipe from the trees that toward my window lean;
Hoarse rolls the swollen river, dimly seen,—
Mottled with frothy patches; while its breast,
Filled, like my own, with musical unrest,—
Is thinly covered with a misty screen.
Crouched 'neath umbrellas go the passers-by,
In gloom lone-vanishing; a wheelman flies
Swift as a shadow of approaching fate:
Low swamps are vocal with a carping cry;
The wayside pools have querulous minstrelsy;
Lambs bleat aloof; the village clock strikes eight.

II.

AN AUTUMN EVENING.

THE sun is set. An amber mist
Fills all the vale:
The lapsing river, glory-kist,
Is gold and pearl and amethyst,
Where on its mirror-breast the beaded bubbles sail.

Lo! from this russet hill I gaze
On such a scene
As poets love to paint and praise;
While sunset's guerdon overpays
My heart with evening's balm and splendor so
serene!

The dark trees stand in naked grace;
And the green marge
Is softened on the river's face,
With flakes of fiery cloud. I trace
Its flow where yon dark hill casts down its shadow
large.

I see where o'er the dam it goes
In music down;
And sparkling, breaks its sheen repose,
As under yon red bridge it flows,
And makes, by winding banks, its circuit through
the town.

Down-sent from forest-lakes, begemmed
With islets small;
Here, spreading wide, there, closely hemmed;
With eve's soft glories diademed,
Till in the welcoming sea its lover-waters fall.

By mill, and mart, and home, and where
'Mid darkling furze
White stones outgleam, (the dead lie there),
And by the hallowed place of prayer,—
Aiding with constant song the hymning worshippers.

In immelodious monotone
The mills I hear;—
The rattling gear, the waters' drone,
The saws' shrill screech. Now, duskier grown
The eve, I see aloft a fiery shaft uprear,—

A luminous, sparkling column, curled
Above the trees:
It's ever-bright'ning folds unfurled,
As gentle shadows wrap the world,
While still my ear is lulled with river-melodies.

All burdens fall away,—my heart
Again is free!
Time's paly haggard ghosts depart:
Blest be the hour! 'Tis more than Art,
This grandeur and this calm of earth, and air and
sea!

In this wide world of dream, I yield
Myself to you—
Spirit serene of flood and field!
No sweeter harvest Time can yield
Than I have reaped 'neath stars, and 'mid the
falling dew!

Sing on, O river! while I still
May sit to hear:
Ah! soon, upon this lonely hill
Some other eye and heart shall fill
With tears and raptures fine, to list thee singing
near.

I love thee—creature, jubilant, free!
And not alone
For thine own loveliness!—Ah, me!
The joy, the pain, of memory!
Thou speak'st the vale, the stream, my musing
youth hath known!

Sing on, O river! I am glad
That, though I fail
From this sweet scene, to wander where
Far other woods and streams are fair,
Thou ever stay'st to chant the music of thy
vale.

I've loved thee well, thou thing of light
And melody!
Ah, Narraguagus! when the night
All starless wraps me from earth's sight,
And other lovers come, wilt thou remember me?

III.

MY SYLVAN STUDY.

THIS is my oratory. Studious, oft
I come, at morn, at eve, to this retreat:
Wild is the bower, and ancient is the seat;—
My chair, a rock with grass and mosses soft
Fringed and enamelled. In a neighboring croft
My children sport, not far from my own door,
Searching out leaves and flowers—a beauteous
store;
The blackbirds chatter sociably aloft;
Round me grouped silvery birches, thorns full-
flushed
With milky blossoms; on my open page
Lie shadowy leaves, jeweled in golden light:
And hark! a voice, whose music straight is hushed!
Quick-pattering steps my partial ear engage,
And little Golden-hair laughs on my sight!

IV.

NOVEMBER SUNSET.

Not the attire of kings, when crowns are set
'Mid coronation splendors, has such sheen
As now in these November skies is seen;
Where late the Day in his fire-chariot
Rode down the western hills, that lighten yet!
Twilight her tent of purple and of gold
Pitches on yon dark crag, and manifold
Dapples the river, where its waters fret
Past the low bank, in leafless quietude.
The new moon haloes soft her crystal sphere;
Glassed 'mid the shadowed trees she beauteous
lies!

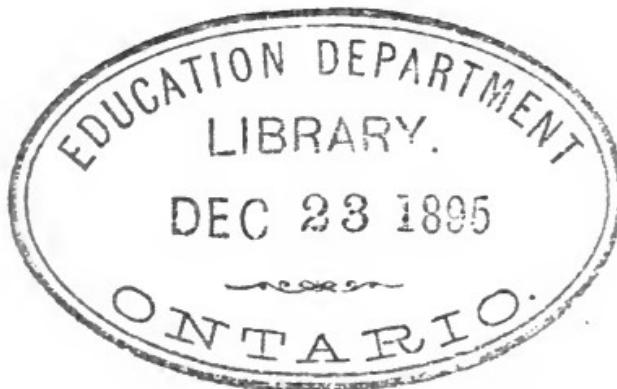
Such glory comes to gild, such peace to brood,
Changing to gold and pearl the dark'ning year,
The month of wailing winds and shadowy
skies.

V.

SNOW.

SHARP are the thrusts of this keen-bladed wind,
'Gainst which I hug my mantle; frosty-grim
Its arctic surge into my eyes,—so dim
With night and tears, I scarce my way can find:

No sleighs to-night with music ring behind
T' o'ertake my wavering steps; no starry beam;
No skaters gliding o'er the frozen stream,
With shout and song, sweet to the cheerful mind;
But the wild-wailing North,—the courier-sweep
Of airy cars, with frosty fire-dust laden,—
Winter's white harvest winnowing to and fro.
—Sad-hearted, I not care, though I should sleep,
Wrapt in a shroud cold as some hapless maiden
Has wound about her by the outcast Snow.



KALON.

The golden secret the sought "Kalon" found.—**MANFRED.**

SING me a song, O Star!
Skirting the pearly edge of yonder cloud.
Do birds of dream with white wings sail so far
The argent coasts of splendor, where ye are?
Know ye warm hearts, or spirits nobly proud,
Or anything like death, or grieving pain?
Or do ye smile secure, and scorn to know
Such impotent infirmity of woe;
Where with your silver arrows lieth slain
The fateful dark far o'er your azure plain?
Of bliss that Fortune doth from Time debar
Sing me a song, O Star!

Sing me a song, O Night!
Musing, bejeweled on thy shadowy throne,
Vision ye not the day with your bright eyes,
Whose shining crown from mortals hidden lies?
The touch of rosy lips, the flowery breath
Of Tithon,—odors, gleams, hues, melodies,—
O Ethiop mother! ken ye aught of these?

Art thou content with silence starry strewn,—
 The pathway of the lonely wandering moon ?
 Or is it thine, the secret joy, to bring
 The covert dawn under thy dusky wing ?

Of restful Sleep, the womb of mortal might,
 Sing me a song, O Night!

Sing me a song, O Sea!
 Beating the rocky boundary of thy shore.
 Thou hast all sorrow; thine the awful lore
 Of ages; thine the pomp,—the passionate roar
 Of Time; the anthem of Eternity!

Is thy breast bitter for the wrong of Earth ?
 Is thy wave salt with dropping of our tears ?
 And art thou barren for our human dearth,
 When joy is flown and rapture disappears ?
 Come closer, yet ! my stormy grief control,—
 Thou restless emblem of my restless soul !

Wash out my woes, waft me from weeping free,
 And sing to me, O Sea !

Sing me a song, O Death !
 Smooth the pale brow, the quiet limbs compose,
 And softly steal away the floating breath:
 Is thy touch only blight ? — *Time* wearieh;
 Art thou our rest,—the end of all our woes ?
 O shadowy Angel ! what dost thou behold
 Beyond that final ridge of blossomy mould,—

Our boundary here? O, is there hope, or day,
Or space, where life may hold unhindered way?
Breathe nie thy meaning! with thine opiate lull
My pain, and wast me to the Beautiful!
The gate of Song unbar—the gate of Dream,
Where all things *are* what here they only *seem*,
Where all is found as the Soul's vision saith:—
 Sing me thy song, O Death!

THE WATERS OF CARR.

O DO you hear the merry waters falling,
In the mossy woods of Carr?
O do you hear the child's voice, calling, calling,
Through its cloistral deeps afar?
'Tis the Indian's babe, they say,
Fairy stolen; changed a fay;
And still I hear her, calling, calling, calling,
In the mossy woods of Carr!

O hear you, when the weary world is sleeping,
(Dim and drowsy every star,)
This little one her happy revels keeping
In her halls of shining spar?
Clearer swells her voice of glee,
While the liquid echoes flee,
And the full moon through deep green leaves
comes peeping,
In the dim-lit woods of Carr.

Know ye from her wigwam how they drew her,
Wanton-willing, far away,—
Made the wild-wood halls seem home unto her,
Changed her to a laughing fay?

Never doth her bosom burn,
Never asks she to return;—
Ah, vainly care and sorrow may pursue her,
Laughing, singing, all the day!

And often, when the golden west is burning,
Ere the twilight's earliest star,
Comes her mother, led by mortal yearning
Where the haunted forests are;—
Listens to the rapture wild
Of her vanish'd fairy child:
Ah, see her then, with smiles and tears, returning
From the sunset woods of Carr!

They feed her with the amber dew and honey,
They bathe her in the crystal spring,
They set her down in open spaces sunny,
And weave her an enchanted ring;
They will not let her beauty die,
Her innocence and purity;
They sweeten her fair brow with kisses many,
And ever round her dance and sing.

O do you hear the merry waters falling,
In the mossy woods of Carr?
O do you hear the child's voice, calling, calling,
Through its cloistral deeps afar?

Never thrill of plaintive pain
Mingles with that ceaseless strain;—
But still I hear her joyous calling, calling,
In the morning woods of Carr!

NAIN.

And He came and touched the bier, and they that bare
him stood still.

M ASTER! and wilt Thou come to our small
Nain,
Amid love's lone farewells, and life's sad closes?
And wilt Thou share our tears, and ease our pain,
And touch the bier on which our dead reposes?

Well may the bearers pause, if Thou draw nigh,
And the slow, mournful train entrancèd listen;
And well appear the lights of wondering joy
'Neath low-drooped lids, where tears were wont
to glisten.

The genial rose, that the dear cheek forsook,
Now will it bloom, now will the dull eye brighten?
And Death's cold band, with thrilling tone and
look,
Wilt Thou again unclasp, our woe to lighten?

Ah, not to-day! though Thou shouldst come so
near

Thy seamless robe against the bier might press;
Not now Thy voice shall thrill the muffled ear,
Soothing the grieving heart with gentleness.

Well, if Thou do but with us silent stand,
And in the awful shadow by us linger,
To point us outward to the Better Land,
And touch our sleeping one with hallowed finger.

Then, though the loved form waken not, nor rise,
Though yet the long procession onward moveth,
Though the tomb close, to Mary's sad surprise,
Is it not Lazarus, whom the Master loveth?

Thy hour we wait: let hearts, all sorrow-laden
Lay, with sweet tears, their precious ones away;
The widow's only son, the beauteous maiden,
Shall fresh from slumber wake at break of day.

With mighty mirth, with trumpets of the morning,
The dwellers of mortality shall sing.
And, by their bright'ning homeward track returning,
Wave the green palms of life's eternal spring.

So we are comforted, since Thou hast promised
That Thou wilt lowly speak, and with us be;
And, if by Nain or Bethany Thou comest,
Thy garments breathe of Immortality.

Take up the precious burden, graveward going,
O dreaming bearers, lingering in the way!
The winter-wheat in frosty furrows sowing,
To feel the impulse of some genial May.

We welcome Sorrow, walking close with Thee;
And Death, when on his dreadless track Thou
comest,
Shall have our tearful hospitality,
With the dear life Thou gavest and resumest.

Be in the mournful rite, the tender word,
The song, Earth's grief and Heaven's rapture
telling;
Be Thou at empty bed, and vacant board,
In gloom and silence of our lonely dwelling.

Hallow each bitter circumstance of grief,
Make benison the unexpected sorrow:
If now Thou give the burdened heart relief,
We can await the rest—in Thy to-morrow.

THE ISLE OF SONG.

I DREAMED of a white isle, girt by such seas
As never foam nor freeze;
So lonely-rare the world hath never come,
But poets make its solitude their home.

The cherub wind flew downward in delight,
Toying with wave-tips white;
And happy singing maids, hand link'd in hand,
Danced over tracts of snowy-golden sand.

Infinite pearls of shadow, lay the shells
Where wove the sea its spells;
And the shy nymphs tossed up their shining hair,
While the sun glimmered on their shoulders bare.

Tall pines were overhung, and fringed palms,
Where the soft sea sung psalms;
And from its dell each scented inland air
Bore breath of opening blossoms everywhere.

An echoey temple, bent that arch of blue;
And moon and star peered through

The myriad mossy arms of many a glade,
Where lovers silent walked, and unafraid.

The daughters, who on earth had suffered wrong,
Famed in romantic song,
Were seen by glimpses, beauteous as of yore,
Walking down dim wood-alleys to the shore.

The Ausonian fair, the Tuscan's holy maid,
Passed thro' the myrtle glade;
Gentlest of woman-kind, whose hearts had bled,
And they whom poets wept, but might not wed.

Leaping with laughter, gurgled down the stream;
Then murmured in a dream
Along the vale, or jubilantly free,
Till kissed to voiceless rapture by the sea.

There bright-eyed Fancy roved, and slaked her thirst
Where earliest dreams are nursed;
There Harmony her winnowing wings outspread,
And round the shores and through the groves forth
sped.

And when the moon was silverly revealed
In her ambrosial field,
Down to the shore, with harps no longer dumb,
Fearless of death I saw the poets come.

A wondrous Genius led them, and impelled,
Who, when their songs excelled,
Plucked the fresh laurel for the victor's wreath,
And showed the fame that cometh after death.

There, in that glorious cluster of renown
Which to the shore came down,
I saw a deathless and fraternal few
Whom in the flesh erewhile I loved and knew.

For with his harp stood the benignant shade
Who sang the Acadian Maid;
And at his side the reverend bard appears
Who, in sweet Roslyn, marked the flood of years.

And with them were the sons of ages gone,
But now whose years are one:
I knew them well, for I had loved them long,
Kissed their dead faces, brooded o'er their song.

Gather'd with these resplendent sons of fame
Were some of lowlier name;
Artlessly sweet as are the building broods
That carol in the morn thro' springtide woods.

And there were music's daughters, and the brides
Of beauty, whose soft tides
Of song set toward me;—Sappho swart, and she—
Britain's white rose, belov'd of Italy.

Corinna, match'd with Pindar; Miriam,
Beating the lofty psalm
Out on her timbrel; and that double star,
The prophetess and poet, Deborah.

And some were there who scarce had strung their
lyres

Ere grief had rent the wires;
Too soon for fame on earth, the Destinies
Transferred their spirits to their genial skies.

There they who chanted Israel's lore sublime
Sang to the sea's soft chime;
And there Etruria's bard had kindred place,
While a sweet smile lit up his mournful face.

Holding a lily, stood the Bard Divine !
O'er him the fruited vine
Hung high its purple clusters. His the spell,
Of harp or tongue, most wildly musical.

Clomb roses, white and red. But his deep eyes
Were turned upon the skies;
A shining dove was lighting on his wrist,
And near him stood the rapt Evangelist.

There they of Hellas and the Mantuan plain,
Smote their sweet chords amain;
Homer had his clear song and vision bright,
Nor Milton's orbs must roll to find the light.

There he, of the serene, capacious brow,
Dwelt 'neath the laurel bough;
Song's matchless one, the brightest of his peers,—
Star that on Avon rose in earlier years!

But, when I saw my earliest love draw near,
And heard his song sincere
That charmed sweet Doon, and did its cadence
suit—
To rustic Coila's step and woodland flute;

While Rydal raised his grave and reverend face
To Shelley's child-hued grace;
And he, whose dust 'neath Latium's violets lies,
Lifted to me his soul in lang'rous eyes;—

And nearer to the margent Tasso came,
As if it were his aim
To launch a pearly boat, laid on the shore,
Whence Spenser's self had landed just before;—

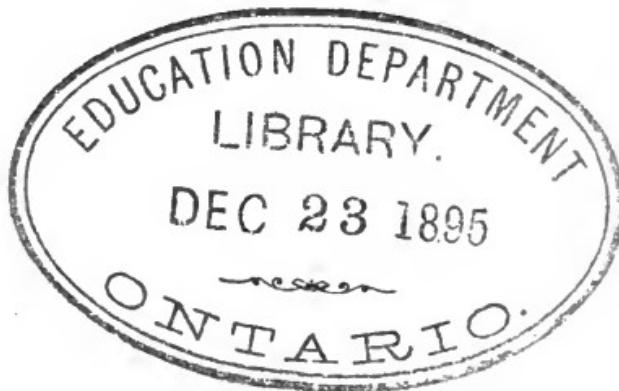
With tears I reached to them my arms, and cried:
“ Let me not be denied!
Take me to your serene, immortal shore,
Where hearts faint not nor song is hindered more!

“ Forlorn, companionless, in dread and dearth,
And weary of the earth,
Bid me to be with you, ye much-loved throng!
Life is too lonely for the child of song.”

Their beckoning hands I saw, nor longer stayed,
But ardently essayed
To join them in the place of their delight,
And swell with them the rapture of the night.

But ere upon that white sea-fretted marge
I landed, from my barge,
Where, by the dreamful wave's most silvery lip,
Lingered for me that goodly fellowship;—

Dim from mine eyes went the illustrious host,—
Each beauteous, fading ghost;
Melted their isle like snow. Alone I lay:
And lo! it was the breaking of the day!



SWALLOW FLIGHTS.

I.

BLOW, O WIND.

BREATHE, mountain wind—thou breath of God!

The plain is hot below;
The petals of the fainting rose
Fall like a scented snow.

Come, from the cedar-heights, the towers
Of glorious Lebanon!
Till lilies lift their languid cheeks,
All amorous of the sun.

Breathe, wind of God—thou south-wind, blow!
For frost is fall'n amain;—
Breathe quickly! or our flowering hopes
By the keen North are slain.

Thy breath of balm, O spirit sweet,
Brings summer to my soul!
Then like a bird my bosom sings
When Love hath made me whole.

Then, as the spicy odors flow
From every bloom abroad,
O'er desert-fields my life shall go,
Warm-sweetened by my God.

Blow, mountain freshness, downward blow!
Where spirits languished lie;
Wind of the South, O softly blow,
Till brumal shadows fly!

While, like the roe o'er hills of balm,
Our souls do homeward move,
Still let the bounding pulse be joy,
Be life perpetual Love.

II.

BON VOYAGE.

SPIRIT! by what fearful way
Art thou gone,
And what tempest's sudden sway
Speeds thee on!
When the calm is on once more
Whither drifts thy boat ashore?

Courage! there is surely One
Rules the sea,
Who, where wrath and ruin run,
Hideth thee!

Little ill can tempest do,
If the pilot-heart be true.

III.

THE WILLING WORKER.

RICHLY the grapes in thy vineyard, O Lord!
Hang in their clusters of purple delight:
I have attended the call of thy word,
Working for Thee since the dawning of light:
Sweetly the sunset gleams over the lea,
Yet I'm not weary of working for Thee.

Ripe are the fruits in Thy garden, O Lord!
Fair are the flowers thou lovest to twine:
Master! no labor, no pains, I have spared;
Long have I wrought in this garden of Thine:
Many the stars that in heaven I see,
Yet I'm not weary of working for Thee.

Deep wave thy harvests in acres untold;
Gladly I reaped in the heat of the day;
Now the moon rises in fulness of gold,
Slowly the reapers are moving away:
Wide is the plain, and not many are we,
Yet I'm not weary of working for Thee.

Dim are my eyes in the fast-fading light;
Falters my heart from the toilsome constraint;
Scant on my forehead my locks have grown white;—
Lord ! 'tis the body grows weary and faint !
Finished, the task Thou hast given to me,
Yet I'm not weary of working for Thee.

IV.

REVEILLI.

BUGLES of light, upspringing,
Sound on these hills of rime;
Bells of the lily swinging,
Ring in the morning prime:
All ye are calling—singing!
On comes the glad sun, bringing
Blossoms of Easter time!

Herald of waxing splendor!
After the frost and gloom,
Now shall be green most tender,
Now shall be fairest bloom!
Spring ! all her angels attend her !
Singing of Death's surrender,
Chanting the broken tomb!

Spring of the heart, immortal,—
Risen Immanuel !
Breathe I till the dry dust startle,
Warm from its frozen cell !

Open the sky-ward portal
Into the high immortal
Home, where Thy people dwell !

V.

JUBILATE.

SING, O ye heavens ! be joyful, O ye earth !
Break into singing, O ye silent hills !
Leap down your rocky glens, ye jubilant rills,
Wake all your summer vales to golden mirth !
Peace smiles and sits by many a lonely hearth;
The Lord His bruised ones hath comforted !
Their tears, too, lighter run who mourned the
dead
When warriors led triumphant legions forth.
Sing, O ye heavens ! the bleeding land is not
By God forgotten ! In the blood-red sea
Faith toiled with Freedom,—nor the cause they lost!
Sing, O ye heavens ! a race from bondage brought !
A nation, saved from shame to liberty !
How glorious ! Yet, how terrible the cost !

VI.

JERUSALEM.

"When he beheld the city he wept over it."

O CITY of my love—Jerusalem !

Thou sittest as a queen, with diadem

And royal mantle on:

O city of my heart—I see thy glory gone !

O city of my love—Jerusalem !

I mourn for thee, and worship's richest gem

Of snowy stone:

I see the foe rush in, and thou art overthrown!

O city of my love—Jerusalem !

I mourn for thee, but more I mourn for them—

Thy stubborn sons self-willed:

I see their hate return—their awful doom fulfilled.

O city of my love—Jerusalem !

I came to save, I came not to condemn;

To guard and gather thee

As bird her brood I came; but ye would none of me!

O city of my love—Jerusalem !

Hadst thou but known the things revealed to them

Whose hearts are timely wise:

But now they must be hid forever from thine eyes !

O city of my love—Jerusalem !
I see thee sit without thy diadem,
 Sunk from thy queenly state:
Behold thy house is left unto thee desolate !

VII.

OUR HOREB.

My God! how awful is the place
 Where Thou art found,—
Whose presence sanctifies all space,
 Hallows all ground !

Not 'mid the desert's silent scene;
 And not alone
Where cherub doth to cherub lean,
 A-near the Throne.

Nor where the turret's fretted spires
 Mark vaulted tomb;
And floats the breathing of soft choirs
 'Mid gorgeous gloom;—

Not there alone; but everywhere,
 Art Thou revealed,—
Ev'n in the unenchanted air,
 The common field.

No burning bush the eye may greet,
 No clear voice sound:
 " Put off the sandals from thy feet;
 'Tis holy ground ! "

Yet lurking marvels wait the eye,
 Secluded, low,—
 Weird mysteries of the sea and sky,
 Of star and snow.

Not blind, not frivolously dull,
 Lord ! let me be,
 Where in Thy temple, Beautiful,
 I may see Thee !

Let me not speak, but silently
 List, and rejoice:
 Better to speak no word for aye
 Than miss Thy voice !

Bid me with reverent step draw near,
 And calmly move;
 With tranquil joy, with filial fear,
 With child-like love.

VIII.

SONG.

A GLEAM broke out of a roseate sky
 From the feet of an angel coming to Heaven's
 door;

And the sound of a song came floating by,
Mingled with chords of a golden harp she bore.

A path led down to the purple shore
Of cloudland, laved by a sea of shining flame;
And singing, singing from Heaven's door,
Downward to me this music angel came.

IX.

THE MAIDEN EVE.

THE maiden Eve is a bride to-night,
And her brow is bound with a circlet bright,
And her robe of blue, in every fold,
Is sprinkled and starred with dust of gold.

And I at the holy altar stand,
Holding, sweet Mary, thy lily-white hand:
Fair is thy face, and thine eye is bright,
For thou, meek maid, art a bride to-night!

X.

SLUMBER SONG.

From Nehilakin.

SOFTLY, my baby!
Nestle, sweet blossom! on mother's warm bosom!
Of dewiest slumber thou sippest thy fill.

Still dimmer and dimmer the ashy coals glimmer,—
The lodge lies in gloom:
How balmy the breath of the forest in bloom!
The owl is hooting afar on the hill,
And deep in the glade sings the brown whip-poor-will;
The star doth incline to the tip of yon pine,—
She smiles like a maiden stooped over a rill,
She hath oped her bright bosom, so softly to shine;
The full moon is rising; the aspen is still.
O mother's sweet blossom, lie still on *my* bosom!
 Sleep softly, my baby!

SONG.

WHAT the star is to the sky,
 And the pearl is to the sea,
What the light is to the eye,
 And the leaf is to the tree;
What the joy of mounting wings
To the bird that soars and sings,
 Thou art to me.

Like to halcyon heavenly calm,
 After strife of stormy sea,
Like an hour of ease and balm
 After moan and agony;
Or the summer's golden glow
Over bursts of wintery snow,
 Thou art to me.

THE MIDNIGHT TRAIN.

THROUGH Earth's blindness not an eye
Scanneth star or fire-fly,
Nor the jeweled summer moon
Brightening o'er the brow of June:
Two stand darkly, once again,
At this station of the glen,
'Mid the mingling mist and rain,
Waiting for the midnight train.
All is silence!—not a whisper
In the wood of light leaf-lisper;
Silence—broke by muffled feet
That this sloppy platform beat.
Hark! the rising murmurs say,
'Mid the spaces far away,—
Ye who seek, or leave, your homes,
Lo! the fiery motor comes!
Now, from out the silence steals
Rolling of the mighty wheels!
Soon the echoey shrieks distress
All the quiet wilderness,
Falling off in woeful plight,
Down the shadowy aisles of night!

Yonder, through the dusky air,
Sudden burst a hastening glare,
As if Polypheme's red eye
Shone at once from out the sky;
And with crackling tramp, vibrating
Down each rail, with hot pulsating
Of the monster's iron breast,
Comes the gride of brakes down-pressed,
And a momentary rest:
Motionless, amid the rain,
Stands at length, the midnight train!

Hurried word, and swift good-bye!
Who is here? I—only I—
Linger, as, with jerk and strain,
Starts yon tireless steed again!
What strange solitude is this!
What an aching loneliness!
Yonder, through the mist and rain,
Rolls away the midnight train,
Bearing, till the peep of dawn,
My belov'd companion on;
But my heart, along the night,
Follows ever in the flight.
Fainter on the wet air steals
Rolling of the mighty wheels;—
Now I hear them, now they're gone,—
Through the slow night moving on!

Fainter now the warning cry,
Where that panting steed draws nigh
Some late group, then rushes by!
Still that bright eye can not sleep,
Flashed where sounding waters sweep!
Still must rumbling wheels resound
'Mid the dark hills dreaming round!
Still that shrill-voiced bugle blows,
Rousing night from her repose!
Still it gives the world a greeting,—
Tells of parting and of meeting;
Bids the lover to be sped;
Bids the living seek the dead!
Still it rouses chilling fears,
Wakens rapture, touches tears,
Bliss bespeaks, or tells of pain—
Trumpet of the midnight train!

HERRICK.

I.

THOU art a birth of morn. Yet, not the star—
Lamp of his throne—so silent and so far.
A mellow light leaned low,
Where all the hills could know;
Or the sweet home-flame on the hearth
With wit's warm sparkles still caressing earth,
Thy most familiar muse, without disguise,
Cometh with safe allurement to our eyes;
Thou breakest like a sun through all thy sphere,
Sounding a joyful clarion on the ear;—
Singing,—*Rejoice! Rejoice!*
With a most May-glad voice.

II.

England's Elysian field—mead o' th' mind,
With daisies plenteous sown,—
Where a hid tangle of young brooklets wind,
And all the winds of Arcady have blown:
In thee young virgins rove and dream—
Perilla, Sappho, Dianeme,—
And infants in the dawning sport alone.

There by the margents may we walk,
And with olden poets talk,
Plucking the flowers of fadeless phantasy,
Dabbling our hands with the dew-dripping lea—
The sunrise of our youth not left behind.

O rich domain!

Shall we not come again and breathe in thee ?
Spirit of fresh delight,
Yield us thy jocund might!

Shalt thou not come, and o'er our hearts again
Fall like 'glad sunshine and the gentle dropping
rain ?

III.

Faint elmy tenderness—ethereal green!
Soft phantom-beauty—seen
On frilled and fluted tops in lofty-lighted eve!
Gazing, our youth gleams on us rayed through tears.
So when thy page appears,
The dancing lights start up the leaves between;
The subtle joy strikes home, while yet most ten-
derly we grieve.

Let the open Primrose shine,
The Rose new-blossom from thy line,
The Lily in a crystal live,
As thou a fadeless shrine may'st give;
While all life's glancing waves express
A sympathetic cheerfulness.

IV.

Yet who can give the heart relief,
With all the subtle witchery of grief?
Lo! while we hear thee mourn the Daffodils,
Each thoughtful pulse a sweet compassion fills.
So, later, one along the fields of Ayr
Carolled his joy and chanted his despair,—
Challenged the birds on every thorny tree.
Now ever Sorrow's wraith will croon
Of banks and braes by bonny Doon;
'Mid warbled rapture, loitering slow,
Will wounded Love walk, antheming her woe;
While dreaming Memory turns amain
To his immortal bliss and pain,—
Thy brother bard and generous mate,
Who wept the Daisy's kindred fate;
Musing, while yet the wounded flower was fair,
The drooping, the decay, the fading, soon to be.

V.

Hesperia's garden, full of dainty plots
Fantastic set, and quaintly borderèd!

What golden fruits in thee,
From many a laden tree
Fall at our feet, as down thy walks we tread!
There singly set, or in fraternal knots,
The flowers we love their olden perfume shed;

There the fair Daffodils, we weep for, grew;
There dawn the radiant hours,
There drop the honeyed showers,
There Oberon's chalice holds its sip of faery dew.

VI.

Wild blossom-world, alive with minstrelsy!
Where, on smooth-shaven lawns,
Caper light maiden feet in twinkling glee:
Thou lightest up with immemorial dawns
Immortal May-days, and dost summon down
Thy coy Corinna to o'ertrip the lea:
Jocund, thou bid'st her to brief orisons;
While drowses low the bee,
Dropping for sweets on many a blossomy crown;
And loud the lark, while free
Are all who rove with thee,—
The rose-lipped maids, and gentles brave and
brown.

VII.

Fair is thy England, blossomed from the sea!
Mighty her bards,—but truer none may be
To all her ancient life! For Nature lay
Thy heart unto her lips, whereon to play
A flute-like carol of bucolic glee.
So, as thou comest near,
Evermore we hear
Laughter of wasteless brooks re-echoing clear:

Hopes bird-like spring, and cloud-white sorrows go
Fleeting from shade to sunlit gayety;
For thou art Joy's alone, and grief with thee
Can ne'er continuance know.

VIII.

Yes, thou wast free
In thine ethereal realm, and Castaly
Poured all its bubbling waters at thy feet!
Yet camest thou to Siloa, to fulfil
Thy rite on the celestial Muse's hill:
Thy garden holds a shrine in sanctity.
Thy "Noble Numbers" separate the strain
From the fleeting and the vain;
While chords,—too eloquently few,
Proclaim how still thy heart to Heaven was true.
There on the altar see we laid
Sweet-sprinkled flowers that never fade,
And, plucked from Paradisic dell,
Taintless snow of Asphodel,
Amaranth, that deathless blows,
The crushed Christ-lily, and the bleeding Rose.

IX.

Fair is thy England—not less bloomy-fair!
But thou—her sparkling soul—art thou not there?
Singing "*of brooks, of blossoms, birds and bowers,*
Of April, May, of June and July flowers?"

Singing “*of May-poles, hock-carts, wassails, wakes,
Of bridegrooms, brides, and of their bridal-cakes?*”

Yea, thou remainest still,—we hear thy voice!

For, while we wait, thou bringest us anew

Mirth’s rich profusion, Music’s accent true,

And biddest not to sorrow, but rejoice.

Fair is thy England,—fair thy native scene!

Thy leafy Devon still puts forth her green;

Pierces thy dingles the re-echoing horn:

Thy wild Dean-Bourn sings of its old renown;

And, high aloft, o’er many a dale and down

The lark is shouting in the ear of morn!

MONTGOMERIE'S MAID.

Ye banks and braes and streams around
The Castle o' Montgomerie.

A SINGLE strain—I turned to see
Who bore that thrilling voice:
Of all the chances to a bard
This was Apollo's choice!

In Love's green lodge I met her first—
The springtide wilderness:
Like a descended star the maid's
Surpassing loveliness.

My Una of the Scottish wild—
My Highland Mary—stood
To shed an angel light athwart
Her sylvan neighborhood.

Not buxom-warm, like Bonnie Jean,
Yet pearly-bright was she;
She held my heart's keen passion-fire
In awful chastity.

She was all grace and shapeliness!
Her milk-white feet were bare;
A glimmering aureole seemed to rest
Upon her shining hair.

One golden lock is all I hold
To show she once was mine,—
That I have clasped with trembling arms
A creature all divine!

Pity and trust and gentleness
Were in her soft blue eyes,
That, misted with celestial dew,
Communed of Paradise.

Thou Sabbath, sacred more than all
The holy gifted span
That light the tearful heritage
Of toil-encumbered man!

Thy dawn I never can forget—
O day we linger here!
Sweeter the little birds, the blooms
That decked the opening year.

'Twas in the merry month of May;
The birk-tree's tender green,
And clustered hawthorn's scented flowers,
Along the Ayr were seen.

The laverock darted up on high,
Scattering his fiery notes;
And merle and mavis shook the songs
From their enamored throats.

Montgomerie's woods were softer green,
His banks more flowery gay;
And from the lift a benison
Seemed in each sunny ray.

And love was in the scented sod,
And the far-shining skies;
For love was in the liquid deeps
Of Highland Mary's eyes.

Down where the covert streamlet runs
We roved the lee-lang day:
Blissful our dreams,—but swiftly sped
Each wingèd joy away!

There, in the dingle's midmost deep,
With sweetly serious look,
We tossed the dancing drops to light
From out the singing brook.

We spake the awful name of God,
We held the Heavens in view,
And vowed while crystal waters ran
That we would aye be true.

God's Book we gave; our hands we clasped,
Wet from the flowing stream,
To plight the high eternal troth
That earth may not redeem.

Our happiest hours,—our last, they were!
Then eve came stealing on;
She vanished from my yearning gaze,
And evermore was gone.

Ah, perfect form! ah, loving eyes,
That looked so kind on me!
O robber Death! how could I yield
My noblest hope to thee?

Thou art forever with the Spring,
Thy day is ever fair:
But lonely rings our limpid Faile
That runs to meet the Ayr.

Lonely my walk by bank and brae,
Beneath the greenwood tree:
Thy grave is in the dinsome town,
A-near the moaning sea.

But thou, O my leaf-haunting star!
Art set within my soul:
Ah, hold thine own wild poet, then,
In thy divine control!

If he shall fall, and sorrow sore,
And feel the wound and stain,
Thy memory, like thy living smile,
Shall make him whole again.

Who dowered thee with His own pure love
Hath strung my fiery heart,
And sent me out among His birds
To learn their tuneful art.

I to His mandate have been true:
I hear the years prolong
The praise of Scotland's noblest name,
And Scotland's loftiest song.

For he who loves thee can not die,—
His lightest word is fame;
And singing worlds shall weep to hear
His Highland Mary's name.

THE FIRST BIRD.

SING on, little bird, from the Southland suddenly
come!

Our woods wax green again to yield thee a home:
Sliding o'er slope and meadow, flitting from tree
to tree,—

Sing! for my heart leaps blithely, warmly, to welcome thee!

Come! ye wild host of singers! Come! bluebird—
bobolink—thrush!

Loosed are the woodland streamlets; answer their
musical rush!

People the nest-hung elms, ye bright-winged oriole-
crew!

Swift speed, ye darting swallows, in your airy
domain of blue!

Sing on, little bird! For mine ear has grown
weary for song!

Dumbly the winter enthralled me, but I to the
summer belong;

And it seems, with my heart a-flutter, that I could
warble and fly,
When I hear the first faint cuckoo, or see Jack
Robin a-nigh!

Sing on, little bird! Too soon will the silence fall
Over the budding groves and the pine-hills tall;
Then the woods will blaze and blacken, and all be
bare;—
Ah, where will he call and carol, the soft and the
sunny air!

But O, sweet bird! we remember that ever thou
findest the spring;
When these uplands lie in silence! thou hast not
forgotten to sing;
The evergreen south thou seekest, when our woods
are in gloom,
And joyest to see the magnolia and orange groves
in their bloom.

Sing on, for your voice is cheery! I love your
caroling strain!
My heart would learn your rapture, and so forget
to complain;
With you would I fly the winter,—speed gleeful
along,
To greet the far-off forests with summer and song!

Sing on, little stranger, thy merriment captures my heart!

Thy friend am I, and my spirit bears with thee jubilant part;—

For thou sayest, a-wing in the meadow, under the broad sunshine,—

“Singing is better than sighing; then wherefore, O wherefore repine!”

"OF A' THE AIRTS."

THERE'S a blur on the face of the late March moon;

The wind pipes shrill and the chimneys croon;
Around my cottage it searching flies,
And every crack and cranny it tries;
From its wrestling might the elm springs free,
And it wrings a wail from the willow tree.

But the wind of March, as I sit by the fire,
Plays through my heart's æolian lyre,
And to my listening muse it brings
The past and the future on its wings;—
The seer can see, and the singer sing,
When the wild March evening pipes the Spring.

And as the firelight darts up clear,
And I see the guid wife sitting near,
A sweet auld sang through my mind will go;—
"Of a' the airts the wind can blow,
I dearly like the wind o' the west,
For there lives the lassie I lo'e best."

When the daisy blooms and the thrush appears,
One face comes peering across the years;
'Tis the face of him who toiled and sung
When Jean was absent and love was young:
"I see her in the flowers sae fair,
I hear her voice as she charms the air."

Lo! fancy quickens! Behold him stand
Alone in the field at Ellisland!
And all around him, on every side,
The birds are singing at Whitsuntide;
But, though woods are green and skies are gay,
There's a look in his eyes that is far away.

Then in blissful dreaming he moves along,
And he utters his heart in a joyous song:
"Wi' her in the west the wild woods grow,
The laverocks sing, and the rivers row;
And though there's monie a hill between,
Ever my fancy is wi' my Jean."

She came, ere the winter, to ben and byre;
She lit on his hearth her poet's fire;
Her smiles were sunshine upon the walls;
Her words dropt sweet as the streamlet falls:
The lassie of song was his wedded wife,
The heart he longed for was his for life.

O fortunate season, and hopeful time,
When the poet prosper'd in love and rhyme!

When, sowing or reaping, the day went by,
And he ploughed his fields and tented his kye;
And he dreamed, while the children played round
his door,
That content had come to depart no more.

Ah, faithful Jean ! there were other years !
For her were sorrows, for her were tears !
But the pansy weathers the wintry time;
And she kept, as she might, her "fireside clime:"
Crushing, her burden—her heart was stout,
While the lamp of her love, *it* never went out !

Ah, wayward brother, and poet wild,
With shifting fancy of petted child,
And passionate soul in dark eyes seen,—
Thou well might'st cherish and prize thy Jean !
Some fleeting favors the few might shed;
She loved thee, living, she mourn'd thee, dead !

What lyric queens in thy heart might reign,
Bemoan'd with passion and tender pain !—
She, of the blind and the hopeless love;
And Mary, sainted in Heaven above:
Weeping, we sing of the rose-lip paled,
And the eyes' soft glances, so darkly veiled.

But one there was,—to her memory peace !
She lies beside thee in gray Dumfries,—

Who shared thy sorrows, enlarged thy joys,
Who cuddled thy lassies, who reared thy boys,
Who dropped o'er thy grave her quick, hot tears,
And gave to thy memory her widowed years.

Then, when assemble the gay and young,
When songs of the Scottish land are sung,
And before the dreamer's raptured eye
The fair procession goes gliding by,
Not one of the haunted troop is seen,
Dearer and truer than Bonnie Jean.

And so, to-night, in my warm home-nest,
While the shrill March wind blows out of the west,
The auld sang hums thro' my musing brain,
Till I utter aloud the tender strain;
And the guid wife sings by the firelight's glow,—
"Of a' the airts the wind can blow."

HOME SONGS.

I.

AN ALIEN'S MESSAGE.

I GIVE ye merry greeting,
Dear native spot of earth !
Be yours the bowers of sweetest song,
Of wildest springtide mirth !
A merry greeting to ye,
Loved friends of other years !
I hail ye, madly, merrily,
And, if your faces e'er I see,
I'm smiling through my tears!

A merry, merry greeting,
Dear brotherhood of rhyme !
Your singing wakes the Mayflower, now,
'Neath maples budding prime:
O be ye blithe and cheery !
O be ye ever free !
Ye walk my youth-time's haunted ways,
And all the scenes ye paint or praise,
Are precious still to me.

O Mayflower-land—my Country,
To thee my heart belongs !
Thou hast the fondest of my thoughts,
The sweetest of my songs:
No hills like thine, no valleys
With such serene repose;
No brooks with such a luring wile,
No woods whose walks can so beguile
As where thy Mayflower blows.

At morn my face turns to thee;
There shines the risen sun !
And eve's soft lustre on thy hills
I see when day is done.
The wide world's weary pilgrim
Has yet somewhere a shrine;
Though seldom he may come to kneel,
Its influence oft will o'er him steal,
While there his thoughts incline.

O Mayflower-land—my Country,
Ever, in drought or dew
The constant heart it can but love,
The loyal mind be true.
The child longs for his mother,
And pines her face to see;
Sweet her remembered smiles—and yet
When time has taught him to forget,
I will remember thee!

A merry, merry greeting !
What use to sing and sigh ?
Nay, let the laughter of old times
On every wind float by !
And, oh, dear vanished faces,
And hearts forever true !
We'll wake again the olden charm,
And keep our dreams and loves as warm
As when our lives were new!

O Mayflower-land—my Country !
Howe'er the eyes may see
That looked not first upon thy hills,
Thou'rt only fair to me !
And oft I deem, Acadie,
A cot with thee were blest;
Then sweet, upon thy green hillside,
High over Mina's heaving tide,
That everlasting rest.

II.

CHEBUCTO.

FAIR Chebucto! thou art lying,
Like a lovely child in dreams,
On thy hazy couch autumnal;—
Soft the sunset round thee streams;
Scarlet woods their royal banners
Hang, where bright thy bosom gleams.

Thou hast sons are proud to own thee;
Stranger lip thy praise repeats;
Honored spirits watch about thee;
Fame hath trodden in thy streets;
Warrior-wreaths are woven for thee;
Peace sits in thy rural seats.

On thy brow the Rose of Britain
Blushes 'mid thy wavy hair;
At thy feet the pearl-cupped Mayflower
Scented dew doth sweetly bear;
Sunny-leaved, thy oaks and maples
Wave their banners in the air.

Fair Chebucto, throned in beauty—
Queenly bride of Acadie!
Sylvan slopes—enchanting woodlands—
Jeweled glimpses of the sea—
Shine in memory! Still I love thee!
Still afar, I dream of thee!

LESCARBOT.

III.

OLD voyager to Acadie's virgin shore
The forest muse bade welcome! Sunny-souled,
The magic of thine eye turned all to gold,
Enriching thy quaint, cheerful fancy's store,
Filling Port Royal with romantic lore.

After the length'ning sea, beclouded, dim,
The warm July with joy thy heart did brim;
Like climbing roses looked the breakers frore.
What odorous winds, incomparably sweet,
From wild-woods hailed thee, sailing gladly near,
Till thou didst stretch thy hands forth to receive
The palpable gift,—the smiling coasts to greet,
Drest in the gayest garments that the year
Doth from her bloomy wardrobe deign to give.

IV.

SAILING SONG.

THE sea is bright, the wind is fair,
The challenge-wave slaps on the pier:
Come! be we blithe and debonair,
To chase away the hasty tear!
Comrades of our brave days of yore,
Brisk curls our freshening mother-sea;
Behind us lies Acadie's shore,
And gallant sailor-souls are we!

O still we love our native foam,
We love the reeling deck to tread:
We've friends ashore, we've wives at home,
But we must get the children's bread.

Heave-yo, the anchor! Lift the sail!
Haste, brother-sailors, haste away!
List to the music of the gale,
And mark the bounding billows' play!

v.

DE RAZILLIA.

His eyes were charmed when, fresh from Ocean's plain
Acadie's forelands rose upon his view,
And his bark skirted where the waters blue
Wash her green isles: then all his heart was fain
To linger there enamored, and remain
In thy loved shelter, beautiful La Have!—
Yet one more voyage,—its earthly port, the grave;
He sees no more his native France again.
So do glad eyes still greet thee—deem thee fair,
O mine own country!—wanderers from the sea
Returning, to enrich thee with the stores
Of softer climes: so glad will I repair,
To gaze on scenes I love—to sing for thee—
To find my rest upon thy peaceful shores.

VI.

COMING HOME.

I COME! I come! Oh, land of love and song!

Belovèd land, to which I still belong,

I come! I come!

I come! O open wide to me your arms,

Ye woods where once I roamed! Yours are the
charms

Of youth and home!

I come! Ye noble hills of soft ascent,

O'erlooking the tumultuous element,—

Red Fundy's foam.

Ye home of all my earliest loves and dreams,

Ye crystal brooks—ye fairest of all streams—

I come! I come!

Ye venerable ones, who fondly bore

And nourished me, back to your arms once more

I come! I come!

I come to you, brothers and sisters dear;

Though absent from you many a weary year,

I come! I come!

I come! Dear scenes, dear faces, round me

throng!

O let the days be cheery and be long!

I come! I come!

VII.

OLD SAINT ANDREWS.

RETURN again, O autumn night
So passing beautiful to me,
With all the glory of moonlight
In old Saint Andrews by the sea!
Renew your charm, O wave and shore!
With romance fill each quiet street!
—Were all the hours we knew before
One half so rare, one half so sweet!

O evening star! again peep out,
And tremble like a drop of gold
Where ripples, in their sheeny rout,
Are on the red sands heedless rolled!
O faerie-hush, fall on the air!
Ye far-off tide, be clearly heard!
While, rapt in soft enchantment there,
'Twill break the charm, Love's simplest word!

Dear wife! your hand in mine, what star
Melting down yon blue vault obscure,
What moan on yon portentous bar
Could make our hearts seem insecure!
And if your fond eyes answered mine
With thoughts that must unspoken be,
Ah, earth and air were then divine
In old Saint Andrews, by the sea!

The hound's shrill barking we could hear
 Behind the hill, in that still hour;
And, flashing o'er us, on the pier,
 The light shone in its friendly tower;
The rill rolled down the wave to greet,
 The wave rushed in with silvery glee;
And sight and sound, with thee, were sweet,
 In old Saint Andrews, by the sea!

But change and chance have come between,
 And many a joy has flown away:
Yet smiles the moonlit bay serene,
 Beneath the mild September ray;
And still the scene is just as fair,
 And just as fair will ever be;—
For, dearest, once we wandered there,
 In old Saint Andrews, by the sea!

VIII.

ALL AT HOME.

CEASE from all care, let woe and pain depart;
Let it be joy when fond heart meets with heart;
Peace, after turmoil, rest from wandering, when
 We all are home agen.

Speak not of any absent whom we knew,
Who loved us well and unto us were true;

Speak not of some far-distant viewless shore;—
We all are *here* once more.

We all are here;—some forms we can not see,
Yet clasp we close each dear reality;
For they who other realms than ours may roam
Have all with us come home.

This *seems* our Father's house—this scene so fair,
Though faith hath said our Father's house is *there*:
Ah, linger yet! be this *one* blissful seat,
Where we at home may meet!

O gracious and congenial souls! to-day
Let us put care and sorrow far away;
Be we content once more, and let delight
Fill all our dreams to-night!

IX.

THE AULD HAME.

Scottice.

THINK ye o' the auld hame,
Brither dear?
O think ye o' the auld hame,
When nicht is near?
The sun frae the lift is sinkin',
Let fa' a tear
For the auld time, an' the auld hame,
Brither dear!

I wearie for the auld hame,
Brither dear!
The auld folk i' th' auld hame,
They hae nae cheer:
The west an' my heart are burnin',—
Down draps the tear
For the auld time, an' the auld hame,
Brither dear!

I'm gaein' tae the auld hame,
Brither dear,
An' of a' i' the auld hame
I'll warmly spier;—
I'm gaein' tae the auld hame,
Wi' the fadin' year;
For there's nae folk like the auld folk,
Brither dear!

X.

GASPER STREAM.

SWEET river of Gasper, through valley and plain
I see thy bright waters go dancing again!
Loved stream of my childhood! my youth ye
restore,
As smiling I gaze on thy beauty once more!

More lucent thy waters of azure and sheen,
That I look through the haze of the years that have
been;
But less warm is thy beauty, more pensive and lone;
For now we are parted, but then we were one.

And the friends of my youth from thy margin have
gone,
But thou smilest and singest, and hurriest on:
Ah, my heart is not light with the gladness of yore!
But, weeping, I gaze on thy beauty once more.

XII.

**"TO THEE THE LOVE OF WOMAN
HATH GONE DOWN."**

O OCEAN! restless, dark and lone,
What tribute dost thou crave!
Thou hast our fairest, favorite one,
The generous and the brave.

He faded from the yearning shore,
With bark fleet-winged and free;
He comes not—nor deserts thee more,
O solitary Sea!

The lily-sails, in fair array,
Are on thy brink at dawn;
At eve men furl them in the bay;—
Say, whither has he gone?

The feet of sorrow tread not where
Thy winds and billows rave;
No flower that scents the summer air
May blossom on his grave:

But 'neath thy waves' tumultuous stir,
And tempest's thunder-sweep,
Low-wrapt in weedy sepulchre,
He rests with thee, O Deep!

And she who loved him looketh forth,
Of heart and hope forlorn:
His vanished loveliness and worth
She can not cease to mourn.

Still from her couch she wakes to weep,
And mournful looketh round:
O Death! O Deep! and wilt thou keep
That jewel thou hast found?

Yet not with thee, O mournful Sea!
He dwells, we see no more;
But safe abides, from whelming tides,
On some diviner shore.

XII.

MOUNT DESERT.

FOR a smack of the wave and a breath of the forest,

For the laugh of the stream and the sheen of the sea,

I turn, Mountain Isle, where thou shinest and soarest,

And find the wild grandeur and beauty in thee!

Break! break on her cliffs, ye white surges of ocean!

Ye cloudy piles, sweep o'er her turrets of stone!

Ah, how can I stand, without awe or emotion,

Where Nature has builded her palace and throne!

Thou tarn of the eagle, 'mid mountains uplying,—

Thou organ of Neptune, Anemone Cave,—

Thou Mount of the Winds, where the torn cloud is flying,

For me your delights and austerities save!

The changelings of Folly—O how can they know thee!

Thou frownest, encroached on by fopling and flirt;

But the loving and wise shall their praises bestow thee,

And ring out thy glories, O wild Mount Desert!

SONNETS.

I.

LUX ET UMBRA.

[N the black flower of midnight—at the heart
And midmost auricle of secrecy,
There lies the golden fire-seed that shall be
The day's broad blossom. Softly fall apart
The silken leaves of dreams ; and lo ! thou art !
Sweet morn of expectation, dewy-drest !
While all the spectres that the dark infest,
Soon as the East doth his keen lances dart,
Show angel faces. Why avert the shade—
The solemn vigil—the mysterious power,
Filling the soul with awe, stirring the clod,
Bidding the bones to quake ? 'Tis thus arrayed
In dusky calyx lies Heaven's shining flower.
Our Angel leads through gloom to show us God.

II.

TO RALPH H. SHAW.

THE shy grass creeps forth from the sod again
In timid doubt of the awakening sun,
That now his wintry course is fully run ;
Then, confident of the soft April rain,
Links hands with sudden flowers o'er all the plain.
Now brook and breeze and bird have jubilee,
And joyance rings from every new-draped tree,
While every twinkling leaf assists the strain.
Now is the time for singing ! See ! they throng,—
Thrush, bluebird, robin, blackbird, bobolink !
The stocks and stones may hardly dare be dumb.
If some harsh notes may falter thro' the song,
If concord's chain may hold some leaden link,
What marvel ? Lo ! a thousand poets come !

III.

EMERSON.

Is nought amiss in this wide-breathing world,
That thou, calm soul, wand'rest no more abroad
In dim wood-paths thy mild foot softly trod ;
Looking, when sunset's quivering valves were furl'd
On Assabet's gleamy bosom ? Now, unpearled,
Must thought sink down into some tamer way ?
Will wave and wind have something less to say,
Where the rich vines their tendrils green have curl'd,

And 'mid the fresh-blown tresses of old pines?
Who shall the mystic legends longer give
Of cowslip and of violet? Or who
Unfold the shy rhodora? Who Earth's shrines
Uprear for poet-worship? Who shall live
Like thee—so single, abstinent, and true?

IV.

"FRANKINCENSE AND MYRRH."

THINE rarest odors, wafted from the shore
Of Song's green isle, the sweetest incense thine,—
Mixed spices burning on a holy shrine,
Or censer swung Love's temple-gate before.
Sacred the page that doth thy thought restore,
Thou vestal muse, charming the golden hours,
Chanting melodious 'neath Chebucto's bowers!
Thine fond affection's tenderest lyric lore.
Thus, while each healing leaf I lingering press,
Instant and glad its fragrancy it yields,
With youth's bright memory, woman's gentleness,
Balm-breathing from Acadia's minty fields.
Misty mine eyes—mine inward vision clear—
For boyhood, home, and native land, are here!

V.

TWO FRIENDS.

YES, my dear friend, beside the Merrimack ;
 And yes, my friend remote, whose music hails
 From some fair seat 'mid Pennsylvanian vales !
 Ye both were surely sent to lead us back
 To Truth and Nature. Men we do not lack
 Apt to pursue the butterflies of art,
 Or carve conceits ; but ye, with throbbing heart,
 Go singing down your beamy morning track,
 While Love and Memory bear ye company.
 The vague and false in art are transitory ;
 Fashions prevail and perish in a day :
 The gaudy bird or flower we pause to see,
 Smit for a moment with its vaunted glory ;—
 The Mayflower and the Robin please us aye.

VI.

TO G. W. WICKSTEED.

WITH MRS. SILSBY'S TRIBUTES TO SHAKESPEARE.

ONCE there were men, with hopes and smiles and tears,
 Who shared our bloom, and faded,—laying down
 Their hearts unconquer'd 'neath the wearying years.
 Lo ! they are gods ! Each wears a higher crown
 Than Earth allows, and on each brow appears
 Such luster as we see on mountains fall.
 Theban—Ionian—Roman—Tuscan—rears
 His awful front ; but Shakespeare sits o'er all.

Behold ! they come, his lauding worshippers,
With incense ; his familiars, with their praise !
The souls select,—each one his gift confers,
And doth his eye-beams to his sovereign raise ;—
Great Ben, strong Milton, Dryden—each concurs
With many a songful soul in later days.

VII.

THOMAS C. LATTO.

A SCOTTISH POET.

To that high realm of harmony and light
Entered, no more our poet pensive waits,
“ A patient Mordecai at Phœbus’ gates,”
With lingering suit of song, in exile plight.
Gone ! and with him it is no longer night,
Nor is it longer sighing, now, but song !
At evening to his chamber comes a throng
Who seek of his pale face the latest sight.
My heart is there : I see them gathered round :
Low breathes the hymn, low sounds the funeral
prayer :
His lilyed casket charms the soul with rest.
What tribute more ? What action may be found
Of perfect praise ? A Scottish bard is there
To lay the heather on his silent breast.

VIII.
SERVICE.

ADDRESSED TO JOHN D. ROSS, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

THEY were not born in vain who live to bless
And solace others ; who, while some may strive
Out of the spoils of men to grow and thrive,
Abjure the meed of wrong and selfishness.
Nor doth he live in vain who maketh less
The sum of human sorrow ; who inspires
Hope in the breast, and kindles love's sweet fires ;
Whose charity relieves a friend's distress.
Long may he live, to whom is ever dear
A brother's fame ; whose eye can recognize,
Whose pen proclaim, the merit that he sees ;
Who with his books and friends holds gentle cheer ;
And whom a poet's song or maxim wise
Can never fail to interest and please.

IX.

JEAN.

As one who doth the skiey realm survey—
Hailing, in radiant constancy afar
In night's blue tower, the sailor-guiding star—
Is gladdened by Selenè's silver ray,
Ris'n o'er her hill upon some ripply bay ;
So he, whose wondrous eyes were watching still
Where maiden spells his fiery soul might fill
With passion to inspire some living lay ;—

(For his the deeply-mused, the perfect song
Of sorrow o'er his Mary's early tomb ;
His, chanting Ballochmyle at dewy e'en ;
Maria's call the twilight woods among ;
Jessie and Nannie in their sweetest bloom;)
Found yet his brightest cheer in Bonnie Jean.

X.

LESSONS FROM LILIES.

WHAT gospel, O ye lilies of the field!
Preach ye to souls devout? What meanings lie
Writ in the trustful violet's open eye?
“Dear Sun,” they say, thou art our Lamp, our
Shield,
Our cherisher, to whom our sweets we yield ;
The weaver of our robes of various dye !
Th' maternal sod doth nourish us, conceal'd
'Mid its warm grasses ;—we need never fear,
Nor lack, nor hunger : we are undismay'd,
Patient, encouraged that our God is near.
Why need we dread the frost that makes leaves
sere ?
O troubled lingerer in the peaceful glade !
We have th' o'erbrooding Love, to work us cheer ;
We have Omnipotence to be our aid.

XI.

GRIEF'S FIRST HOURS.

AND, oh, no more ! no more ! my heart hath sighed;
For in my soul the doleful weight hath lain ;
And I have felt the passion and the pain
Of parting ; hence inexorably denied
My life of life ! Joy's tendrils all divide,
And Hope is slain ! Ah ! can they live again ?
More than this precious form I not retain,
That hastes away in darkness to abide !
Well might it seem their tears were blood, or dun
As their sad thoughts' complexion, who behold,
Under the sun's complacent, mocking ray,
Withdrawn, the smile more welcome than the sun ;
Dimmed, the fond eye, broken, the heart of gold,
Palsied, the hand that wiped our tears away !

XII.

Could I have known the measure of the days
By that Just Will allotted to us here,—
How brief the journey gladden'd by thy cheer,
By tender dalliance, and fond delays ;—
How had I bid my sun of love with rays
More sweet to fall about thee ! how been near
More oft to chide the softly falling tear,
And soothe misgiving with a lover's praise !

How tremulously o'er thy steps had I,
As thine own angel, hover'd, had I thought
Thou could'st so swiftly vanish from the way !
But, ah ! I had not dreamed that *thou* could'st die !
That this so soon must be my lonely lot,
Without thy needful presence night and day !

XIII.

My love ! my love ! "*my life's best ornament,*
By whom my spirit out of dust was raised;"
My jewel of the dark ! Now Heaven be praised,
By whom thy shining goodliness was sent !
My lode-star, for a little season lent,
And then withdrawn into thy guardian sky ;
Shed thy ripe influence on me silently,—
Sweet minister, with such benign intent !
That love I spake not, and that faith I meant,
I feel thou knowest, wheresoe'er thou art !
The undivided homage of a heart,
Whose days confined in solitude are spent,
Is thine—thine only ! Still my life is blent
With thine, who art its fairest ornament.

XIV.

I lift my heart to that blest altitude
Where thou dost move on gracious errands bent,—
Fainting no more 'neath that calm firmament
O'er which th' Eternal Light doth sweetly brood :
For, as thy Lord, thou still wert doing good,—
Thy human span in precious deed was spent.
Ah, there are hearts to mourn thee, ill content
They can but weep thy lost beatitude !
Yet, stoop once more, O Sacred Soul ! to mine
So blissful wedded ! Brood o'er my low path,
All tearful, dusk !—ease thou this painful lack !
Shall the dread night shrink where thy light may
shine ?
The mirkest mid-hour no vain terror hath,
If thy celestial beauty brighten back !

XV.

VACATION.

HOME ! when the cycle of our toil is o'er ;
When we have sown and reaped the tearful seed,
Then bid the laborer release, then speed
His longing spirit toward his native shore.
Home ! height serene, belov'd forevermore
Above all star-borne summits shining free !
Home ! isle unvex'd, beyond a sunset sea,
Toward which yon silver'd sail's enchantment bore !

If I could reach thee in thy far-off realm,
And find thee, with the group so radiant fair,
Of friends and fancies, that adorned my youth,
I should not fear the waves that overwhelm
The voyager,—eager to be once more there,
Pitching o'er glancing seas a snowy booth.

XVI.

FULFILMENT.

LIFE's fever cooled in Death's refluent wave,—
When on our fainting brows no more shall beat
Distemper'd suns ; our travel-weary feet
No longer wander o'er Time's burning pave,
Unsandal'd ;—this ! ev'n this, we fain would have !
If, (the long thirst appeased in that soft tide,
The yearning still'd), we come up satisfied,
That *this* was hail'd as Death, or *that*, the Grave,
We may not care. Then ceases Earth's lament,
'Mid rapt throngs, jubilant-throated, at the pitch
Of their eternal song. In calm content
We enter Love's abode, securely rich,
To join her glad-eyed children purely bent ;
Where frustrate hopes have to fruition come,
And our divine Ideal is at home.

XVII.

FROST-WORK.

CHILL was the night : with wannest smile the morn
Looks forth, white-veil'd. What charm from mid-
night drear

Hath the earth rest, and o'er chaste features worn ?
Now, while the tardy sun his face doth clear,
Behold ! what maze of Fairydom is here !
There's not an elm that springs its shaft aloof
But gives of Winter's stateliest beauty proof !
The trees as branching corals all appear !
I stand, with eye attent, and wistful ear,
Where Silence lays her fingers ; as if soon
Quaint bugles blown from Elfin-land to hear !
But, lo ! the magic scatters—the pure boon
Is quickly gone ! Each tall tree's powdery crown
Does 'mid th' applausive stillness tremble down !

XVIII.

RAIN,

HEARD AT EARLY MORNING.

AWAKENING at the early dawn, I hear
The liquid tramp and footfall of the rain,—
The flooded spout outside my window-pane,
Gushing and gurgling on my quiet ear :
Chiming, descend from clouds, low-hovering, clear
And lute-like measures ; while the fevered earth,
After the dust and drouth makes genial mirth—
Beats her deep anthem, multiplies her cheer.

The wide rejoicing fields their frolic sun
Shall soon give sparkling greeting, for the charm
To each green spire, each bud and bell, abounds.
Even now the piping robins have begun :
Muffled by distance, at the wakening farm
The welcome clarion of the cock resounds.

XIX.

MONTCALM.

IN thy brave beauty on yon storied height
Methinks I see thee move ! The battle storm
Rages around ; but thy heroic form
Towers aloft, sublime in warrior-might,
Raying the grace of some superior light
On Death's dread front—the hour of dark defeat.
Erect in selle thou hold'st thy painful seat,
Bleeding ; yet mortal ill can not affright
Thy well-pois'd soul, nor shake thy nobleness.
Ah, hadst thou sovereign worthy such as thou,
With knightly spirits to surround his throne,
Might Victory walk this field in Gallic dress ;
Then France—these northern lilies on her brow
Unpluck'd—might reign supreme, calling Quebec
her own.

XX.

SAINT HYMELIN.

Low in his convent cell where Heaven attends,
Gaunt, on his pallet good Saint Hymelin lies :
To an unclouded bourn the sun descends ;
But holier splendors brighten in his eyes.
On dying arm he vainly strives to rise :
—Hark ! for no earthly hand is on the bells !
They ring ! they ring ! meanwhile he sinks and dies ;—
They ring triumphal peals, not funeral knells !
O there are marvelous welcomes, all undreamed,
When lonely souls that grow through suffering
strong,—
The world's redeemers, and themselves redeemed,
Who conquer sorrow with a lofty song,—
Come up, where harps and crowns from hands of
dust
Fall not, all perishing, as here they must !

XXI.

WOLFE.

The paths of glory lead but to the grave. . . .
Thrilled low the voice, in awed, in rapt delight,
Of him who drew toward Stadacona's height,
And calmly rode the slow reluctant wave.
Saint Lawrence soft his rippy prow did lave,
Songful consenting ; while the falling eve
Did with its august pastoral musing grieve
O'er those who die—the timorous and the brave.

Hark, to our hero wan,—his pensive brow
Ripe for red laurels, waiting but the day,—
Who sighs for honors of the cloistered bard !
Are peace and song the best? . . . Yet must we bow
To Fate's decree . . . Thou, soul victorious, say !
Fame, and our tears,—are these no fit reward?

XXII.

Yet would, sweet song, sweet love, ye had been
mine !
O friends, in that dear English land that I
May see no more ! O streams, we wandered by,
Careless companions in a dream divine !
Than on yon steep in arms supreme to shine
With you to walk were soother . . . Fancy vain !
Can we our path reverse, or choose again ?
The *Anse-de-Foulon**—the embattled line—
The lofty plain, red-reeking—the wild call
And cry of battle—the obstreperous roar
Of the dread onset,—passion, pain and pride !
There lies thy way ! For thee, the stinging ball—
The far, faint cheer from earth's receding shore! . . .
—The columned stone : HERE WOLFE VICTORIOUS DIED.

*The path by which his army ascended.

XXIII.

DAULAC.

BACK through his leafy range, gliding aloof
From tree to tree, daunted from Daulac's rage,
Slinks the awed savage ; nor would dare engage
A battle temper of such matchless proof.
If here alone, under the verdant roof,
Or the blue sky, this dauntless hero band
Could smite them so--trampling them, every hand,
Like mice beneath Behemoth's mighty hoof,—
They go no farther ! The wild blood runs chill ;
The vengeful savage for an hour is tame.
But, ah ! why come *they* not ? When shall we see
Our heroes ? Nevermore ! Their hearts are still !
Yet their brave deed shall be a light, a name,
An incense in thy streets, O Ville Marie !

XXIV.

MY PLACE.

TO MY BROTHER.

IF in the royal kingdom of thy thought,
(Where dwell the eminences and degrees,
Where stately words, in brilliant embassies,
With rich attire move on ; to which are brought
The wealth of realms where dark and dim are not,
From which the foul and indistinct depart ;
And where the smiling genii of the heart
Draw fairy circles—haunt each secret spot—

And on Hope's hill-top every gala-night
Kindle their sprightly beacons, twinkling high) ;
I may have privilege and friendly grace ;
Then let it be where fire-lit walls are bright,
On autumn eves ;—a chirping cricket nigh,
While pensive silence broods about the place.

XXV.

THE DESERT ISLE.

How changed the scene ! where this majestic isle,
Fondled of ocean, greets th' presiding sky,
With rude sea-wall, and mountain dome on high,
And turrets as of some cathedral pile,
Lit up by sun and sea, and summer's smile ;
Since first it won Champlain's adventurous eye,
Or Argall's murderous caraval drew nigh
This bloodless woodland Eden to defile.
Here, where are reared the homes of Wealth and
Pride,
Where Fashion leads abroad her glittering train,
And Care seeks solace of the summer seas,
The Jesuit Fathers came at eventide,
Waking these wilds with prayer and chanted strain,
Charmed by the waves' perpetual litanies.

XXVI.

ICICLE DROPS.

FAST, from their ribbed inverted icy spire,
Yon shining minims, glittering in the sun,
Fall brightly down,—sheen drops of fluent fire ;
Momently hanging—sinking, one by one,—
Sliding, as clear beads down a silver wire :
So archer-stars shoot the abysses dun ;
So blood drips down from the knives' fierce desire ;
So fall our moments ; so our tears do run.
With drop on drop, with everlasting flow,
With changing atom and revolving sphere,
Our never-resting lives must downward go ;—
Still hung in momentary brightness here ;
Then sinking to that breast toward which incline
The drops that glow, and eke the beams that shine.

XXVII.

The sun, at length, with a more fervent fire,
Hath gained a subtle mastery of the dawn ;
And, still more swiftly, from the less'ning spire
The hastening gems descend, till all are gone.
But, lo ! they come ! The vanish'd ones surprise,
In golden mist, my wistful, musing sight !
Soul o' th' earth,—its exhalations rise,
And soon the drops return to air and light.

There shall they hang 'mid purple glooms aloof,
With clouds noon-white, or tinct with crimson eve ;
Or shine supreme in Iris' circling woof,
Wherein his married hues the sun doth weave.
And so this falling life shall not remain
Sunk in the earth ; 'twill rise to Heaven again.

XXVIII.

SOLITUDE.

MAKE ye a solitude?—Cool mountain airs
That round my bleached cheeks come softly play-
ing ;
Bush, bough and twig, anew your charms arraying
In delicatest green the woodland bears ;
Ye happy things that wing away my cares,—
Gilt butterflies, from shade to sunshine straying ;
Ye springing brooks that down the rocks come
spraying
Each mossy vest their flinty bosom wears ;
Ye maze of fern and flower, of leaves a-whisper ;
Ye pluméd souls, from matin until vesper,
That make a temple of each spreading tree ;
Ye woodland lawns, with circles grass-grown
newly ;—
Make ye a solitude?—Ye answer truly :
“ Nay, we are sweeteners of society.”

AT THE LIGHT.

YES ! this is my shore of dreaming,
Y And this is my haunted main !
The chant of the syren-ocean
Is in my ears again.

I have threaded the rugged pathway,—
The furzy track of old :
Lo ! the morning sea rejoices
In purple and in gold.

'Tis the laughing, sheeny vision,
As it was since time began !
There, faery-blue in the distance
The cliffs of Grand Manan.

The salt wave frets and cringes,
And leaps on the ledges still ;
Not all the years since I left them
Have broken their tameless will.

The sea's soft jubilation,
The smile of the tender skies,
Will set the heart a-roving
In youth's lost paradise.

Below, the shining ripples
To the curving sands are sped ;
And the parti-painted lighthouse
Stands on the rocky head.

How oft, in the far-off evenings
To musing memory dear,
Have I come from yon hillside village,
To dream and wander here !

Tracing the fire-writ records
On broken, wave-wash'd wall,
Where, thro' the sea's long anthem
Pierces the sea-bird's call.

And, when the lamp was lighted,
From the tower I've looked below,
And mark'd where the white surf glimmers,
And the spectral vessels go.

The lonely sea was darkling,
Where the shadows distant fall ;
But the lamp in the tower burn'd brightly,
And a hush was over all.

God spake in the soft night silence,
And the mellow swish of the sea,
'Till a sense of exaltation
And of sweet serenity,

Like a holy spell possessed me ;
And it seemed the world's affray
With its sound was gone forever,
Forgotten and far away.

How in the press and bustle,
With the care that perplexes me,
I have dreamed of thy isolation
Thou light-tower by the sea !

Of the midnight storm's commotion,
Of the quiet noon-day rest,
Of the wave-lapt dream in the lighthouse,
When I was an evening guest ;

Of the sight of old friendly faces,
And the taste of homely cheer !
Ah! the din of the world is behind me,
And I am glad to be here !

SIR ADAMS ARCHIBALD.

SNAPT, the gold chain,—dropt, the last shining link

That bound us to our Country's glorious past !
Bare we our brows to look upon the mound
Where so much honor lies. Without a blush,
Unhesitant, let Fame his praise repeat,—
Last of a memorable company.

Be this his praise—he loved Acadia well,
And well he served her. Then his sun set clear,
That purely rode in the mid-heaven of life,
With forecast of the everlasting rest—
The sacred meed that waits on duty done.

We walk 'mid changes manifold, and see
The rising of the new from out the old.
The fathers are but shadows ; yet their heads
Do gather haloes, and, serenely sure,
As stars o'erlooking the autumnal leaves
That drop or whirl away, their works remain,
And from their silent urns they rule us still.

But in Acadia's annals,—many-leaved
At last, with increment of years to be,—
Howe'er the pages may be written o'er

With words symbolic of man's love and praise,
And high achievement, handed on to fame,
No names are dearer to the common heart
Than those once writ with Archibald and Howe.

THE KEARSARGE.

GIRT by desert seas and skies,
On the southern reef she lies,
To the elements a prize,
Cleansed with surf, of battle-gore :
Leave her there, nor seek to save
From her wild, inglorious grave
This old tamer of the wave,
Lost on lonely Roncador!

Bright with fame—what can eclipse !
Foremost among battle-ships ;
Once her cannon's blazing lips
Woke the echoes with their roar :
With her colors flying free,
Held she empire o'er the sea ;
—Where the surf beats sullenly
Lies she now, on Roncador.

Churned to foam, the breakers fleet
O'er the yellow shingle meet,
And a monody repeat,
Full of ocean's saddest lore :

Ghostly heroes mount her side,
Who in storm of battle died ;—
Heaves she with the swelling tide,
On the lonely Roncador.

Go not forth to bring her home ;
Tame her not—she loved to roam !
Give her to the reef and foam !
Let the sea-birds round her soar,—
Let them o'er her sweep and cry !
Underneath an alien sky
Leave her evermore to lie,
In her grave at Roncador !

THE HUNTER.

THE hunter, ho ! right cheerily
He rideth, he rideth !
How like a bird his heart is free,
As swift he rideth :
With click of hoof, and blast of horn,
He whips the wind in merry scorn;
For quarry, with the peep of morn,
He rideth, he rideth!

The hunter, ho ! right wearily
He rideth, he rideth !
Half of the ruddy sun to see,
He slowly rideth:
Soft to his cheek the evening breeze,
And sweet the sunset thro' the trees ;—
To-morrow he shall rest at ease :
He rideth, he rideth!

The hunter, ho ! full dreamily
He rideth, he rideth !
So hearty was the morning's glee,
So faint he rideth :

But to his lodge the dream-birds come,
And star-dew from the crystal dome ;
For now to bring the quarry home
He rideth, he rideth !

PRO MEMORIA.

AN ELEGY ON SIR JOHN THOMPSON.

A SOUND of lamentation in the North,
Of weeping, and the voice that calls : Come
home !

Come to the waiting land that sent thee forth ;
Linger no more, no farther seek to roam :
With royal escort, shrined in war-like walls,
Mount the blue wave and hasten through the
foam ;—
Come, O my son ! it is thy Country calls !

The throbbing wire hath sped
Under the sea its message : *Thou art dead !*
The lonely-whispering genii of the deep
Have spoken with us, and we weep :

They tell us thou hast met the summoner—
The mighty messenger we vainly dread ;
That melancholy pomp, and gorgeous woe,
And splendor of the halls where kings confer,
Wait round thee, where thy stately head lies low.

Come back to us, o'er the impetuous main !

Come, to the land belov'd, that loves thee well !
Come, to the land thou didst not love in vain,

Whose grieving sons thy deeds and honors tell !
O modest heart, so chastened by thy pain,—

Shrinking before the throne from glory's spell,—
Though chill and silent, come to us again !

Come back from that august and princely Isle,

That ever-during jewel of the deep !

Back from the Council-board, and all thy peers ;
Back from the royal Mother's generous smile,—

Her ready tear, when there was need to weep,
And thou hadst fall'n to silence and to sleep.

Come back to us, thou child of glorious years !

As swell the waves through which thy ship shall
sweep,

So heave our breasts with the proud birth of tears !

Come back, thou man belov'd ! as if once more

To gaze upon the hills to thee so dear,—
Alike, or flowery green, or frosty hoar ;

The sweet, wild streams, so innocently clear ;
The surf-swept walls by thy Acadian shore ;

Thy martial city; thy domestic cheer :

Come to thine own, who wait; though evermore

What pleased thee best thou shalt not see, nor
hear !

Come to thy home, all silent—caring not
The pageant's mournful splendor waits for thee !
Yet caring that thou hadst a home, a cot,
With loved ones; in that city by the sea ;—
Caring for these, if thou could'st care for aught ;
But earthly cares and sorrows may not be
Where now thou art. We envy thee thy lot !

We praise thee, not that thou wast strong and wise,
And manly-made, and good to look upon ;
Not that thou hadst the garb of beauty on ;
But thou didst love what the Immortals prize,—
Truth, justice, honor,—treasures purely won :
These godlike things seem fairest in the skies ;
They seem the fairer here, now thou art gone !

Lo ! Britain's sons are in thy funeral train !
In minsters high the mournful dirge is sung,
As when her chiefs of state command the strain,
Coming to rest poets and kings among.
Now float thy funeral car ! a thund'rous roar
Announce thy parting from that sovereign shore!
Hasten thy course, O ship ! o'er the imperial main !

THE PARTING.

OUR summer days at home were sped,
The carriage waited at the door,
When, falteringly, my father said,—
“We part,—but here we meet no more.”

“*We meet no more?*” O, knell-like word
To this sad world wherein we grieve !
The ear may hear—the ear hath heard ;
The heart refuses to believe.

The memorable hours, how bright !
When they who love together fare ;
But oh ! the bowers of lost delight,
With solitude and silence there !

How break, the ties that first we wove !
When life’s deep roots asunder tear,
How beats the heart of bleeding love
In the chill bosom of despair !—

But that *His* balm distils like dew,
And sweetens our forlorn estate,
Whose tender mercies, ever new,
Refuse to leave us desolate.

Still, as we went, we gazed behind,
Through streaming eyes to see again
The chastened ones, of constant mind.
Who feel their woe, nor will complain.

Through all that vacant autumn day
The out-bound train's determined roar
Through rock-hewn passes, seemed to say,—
"We meet no more—we meet no more."

From the loved land that gave them birth
The brood fraternal all had flown ;
And by their desolated hearth
The drooping parents wept alone.

Thrice, boding heart ! this head hath bowed
With sorrow thou could'st not foretell ;
The cloud most feared was empty cloud,
The bolt unseen was that which fell.

For it was truth my father spake ;—
Far vision hath the eye grown dim :
Ye storms, upon our heads that break,
Rage ! ye can bring no harm to him !

The fire is quenched that burned at eve ;
The step is silent on the stair ;
The night-winds, 'round the house that grieve,
Find love and light no longer there.

And yet he lives, my heart divines,
(The pleasing thought my grief beguiled,)
Where the eternal sunrise shines
That haunts the spirit of the child.

He lives, where Truth and Beauty are,
With Him he loved, whose form and face
Beam lustrous as the morning star ;—
There is my father's chosen place !

And he is glad that Song is there,
Whose by-gone notes in memory seem
Like some transcendent chorus rare,
Some mystic music heard in dream.

For his the cadence, as of yore
We heard the softly soothing strain :
*"Here those who meet shall part no more,
And friends long parted meet again."*

BY THE GASPEREAU.

O you remember, dear, a night in June,
So long, so long ago,
When we were lovers, wandering with the moon,
Beside the Gaspereau?

The river plashed and gurgled thro' its glooms,
Slow stealing to the sea,
A silver serpent ; in the apple-blooms
The soft air rustled free.

And o'er the river from afar the sound
Of mellow tinkling bells
From browsing cattle stirred the echo round
In gentle falls and swells.

No sound of human sorrow, nor of mirth,
Streamed on that peace abroad,
And all the night leaned low upon the earth
Like the calm face of God.

And in our hearts there breathed, like life, a breath
Of most delicious pain :
It seemed a whisper ran from birth to death,
And back to birth again,

And bound in airy chains our shining hours,
Past, present and to come,
In one sweet whole, strong to defy the powers
Of change, till time be dumb.

Yes, you remember, dear, that night in June,
So long, so long ago,
When we were lovers, wandering with the moon,
Beside the Gaspereau.

LOVE AND SONG.

L OVE sayeth : Sing of me !
What else is worth a song ?
I had refrained,
Lest I should do Love wrong.

" Clean hands, and a pure heart,"
I prayed, " and I will sing :"
But all I gained
Brought to my word no wing.

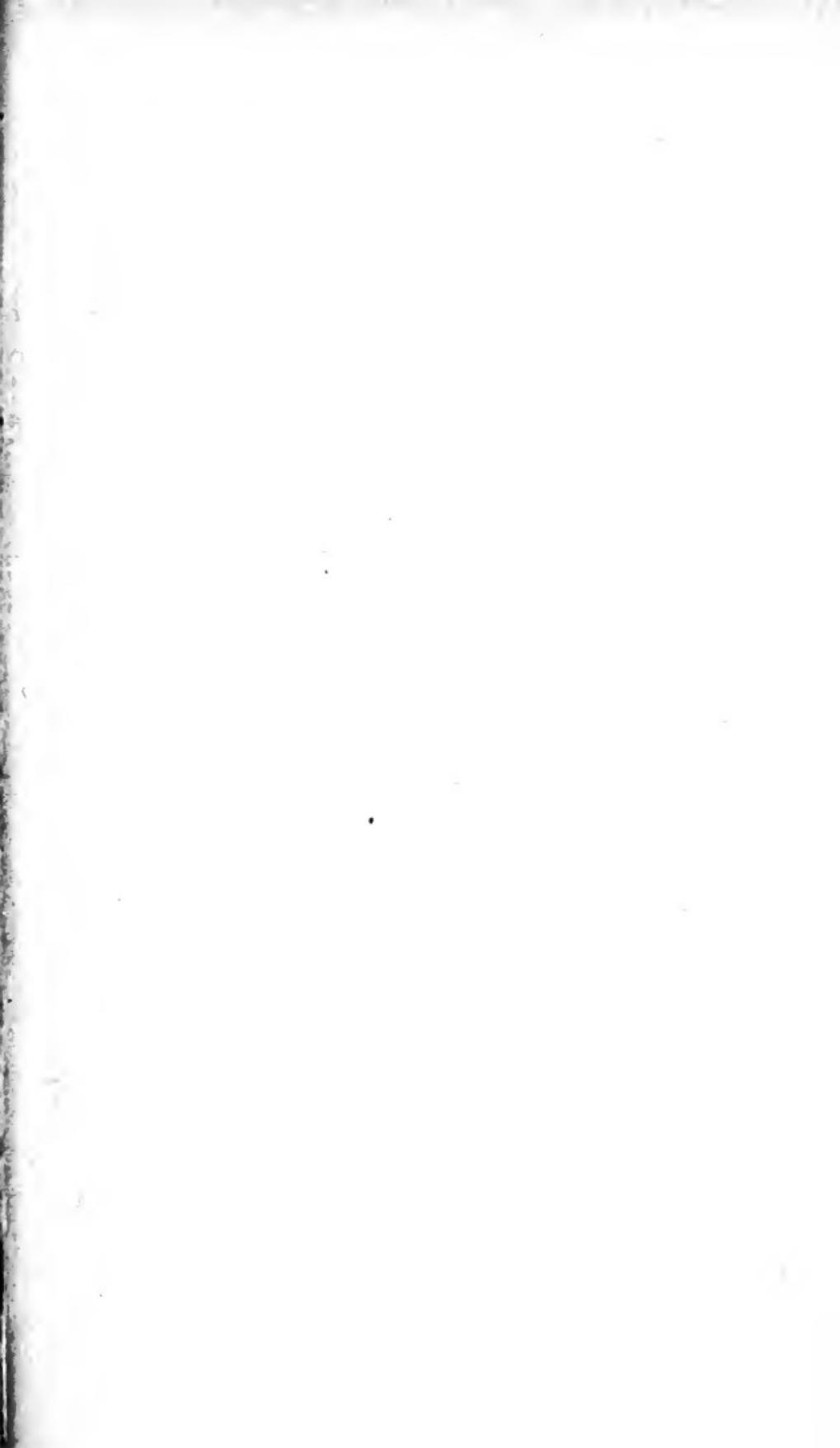
Stars, sunshine, seas and skies,
Earth's graves, the holy hills
Were all in vain ;
No breath the dumb pipe fills.

I dreamed of splendid praise,
And Beauty watching by
Gray shores of Pain :
My song turned to a sigh.

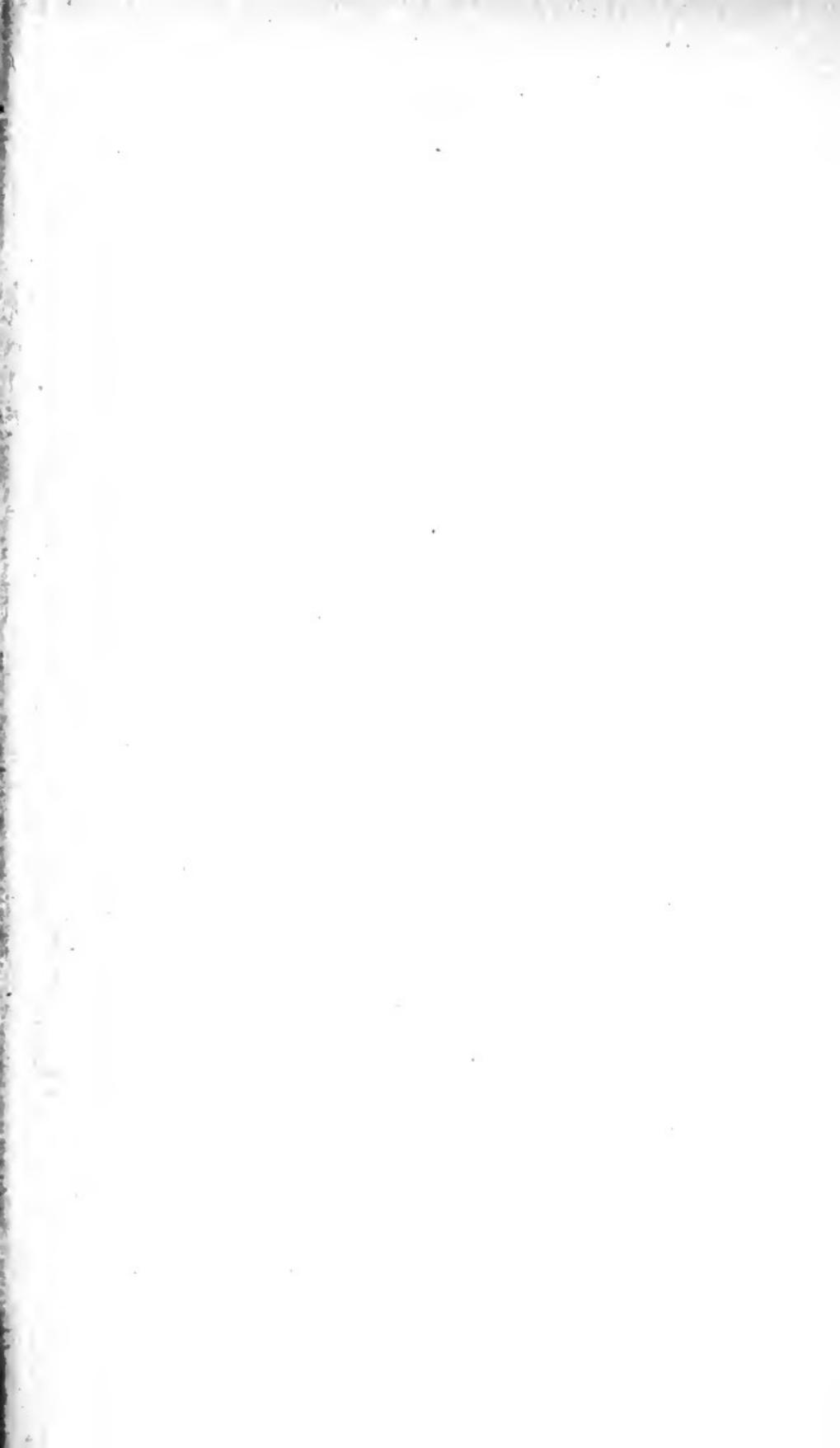
I saw in virgin eyes
The mother warmth that makes
The dead earth quick
In ways no Spring awakes.

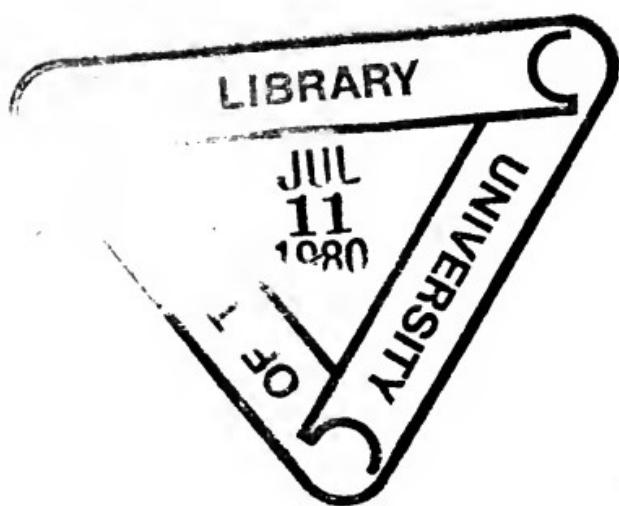
No song. In vain to sight
Life's clear arch heavenward sprang.
Heart still, or sick !
—I loved! Ah, then I sang!

NOTE.—The poems "By the Gaspereau" and "Love and Song," are by my brother, Rev. Burton W. Lockhart.









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